

Good 500 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Dick Gordon's STAGE, SCREEN, STUDIO

CELLULOID city, I hear, is planning to form an old-age pension fund for members of the movie business. Considering the terrific sums that many pay each month into their bank account, one would not think such a fund necessary in Hollywood, but it is a fact that scores of yesterday's favourites are broke to-day.

These film folk have to live up to their "station" in life, and there are many items to consider which the average cinema fan knows nothing about when he, or she, envies certain stars for their ability and high rate of payment.

Of course, there are large numbers who have invested their earnings successfully. In this direction Bing Crosby must be one of the most successful. Under a company, with his elder brother, Everett, as business manager, the Crosby organisation owns race tracks, backs well-known boxers, and has numerous other interests. To-day, because of this shrewdness, Bing Crosby is one of the richest men in the film business—in the United States, come to that—but not all actors and actresses have been so successful.

Quite a number, after reaching the top as an actor, have come to the conclusion that they could make a fortune by producing a "super-picture." Many have tried—and in nearly every case have lost their entire savings.

The film industry is apparently very concerned about such men—and women—who have faded from the public eye to die, in some cases, without a penny in the world. That is why filmdom, headed by Loew's Inc., the greatest distributors in America, is drafting a pensions scheme to include all sections of the industry.

As I said earlier, many of Hollywood's biggest stars of the moment are taking a very great interest in their financial position. James Cagney appears to have become a producer and film company organiser with success. Brian Aherne, the British actor, is running a large farm that is paying big dividends. Clark Gable—now serving in the United States Army Air Corps—is another who finds that farming pays rich rewards.

It is among the younger generation that Hollywood finds some of the shrewdest folk. They all realise that filmdom offers quick riches—but it is

To Grow More Food We'll Farm the Sea

ON the grey waters of a Scottish loch, men in a rowing boat are scattering a powder, methodically covering the water so that each square yard gets its dose. The powders are

nitrate and superphosphates—the same fertilisers as farmers use on land. And these scientists are applying them to the water to see whether fertilising the water will increase the food for the fishes and thus enable their number and size to be "artificially" increased by "farming."

This experiment, which has been going on for more than two years in the eighteen-acre Loch Craigin, in Argyll, may prove to be epoch-making.

For centuries Man has obtained his flesh food by farming the land and hunting in the sea. When the yields from the sea have fallen, he has simply improved his methods of hunting or gone to new hunting grounds.

These experiments may mark the beginning of a new period, in which food is obtained from the sea, not by simple hunting, but by farming as systematically as on the land.

The process by which fish in

the sea put on flesh is as complex as that by which cattle are fattened. But, in essence, it consists of their obtaining sufficient food, which, in turn, is produced by billions of minute organisms that make use of the minerals dissolved in the water with the aid of sunshine.

Upon the amount of this plankton, as the organisms, many invisible, are called, depends very largely the speed with which the fish grow and the number of fish which can live in a given stretch of water.

The question which a small band of scientists set out to answer two years ago was, would increasing the amount of suitable chemicals dissolved in the water—nitrate and superphosphates—increase the amount of plankton and thus speed up the rate of growth of the fish?

For purposes of experiment they dammed the small loch to prevent any considerable exchange of water with the open sea. Then they carefully examined the water, counted the number of organisms in every cubic millimetre—they run into thousands—at the different depths, and generally obtained a complete scientific picture of the loch and its inhabitants.

The next step was to spread the fertiliser and introduce young fish.

Altogether, in the course of a year some 600lbs. of nitrate and 400lbs. of superphosphate were spread on the 18 acres, and some 3,000 small flatfish introduced.

Periodically, the inhabitants, big and small, were examined again. It was found that the plankton made very rapid use of the chemicals—in some cases all trace of the chemicals had disappeared within a few days of their being distributed.

As for the fish, samples caught and measured showed that at the end of a year they had made as much growth as is generally found after two or three years in the open sea.

In the second year's experiment more fertiliser was added and 22,000 small flounders, so that there was a population of about 1,000 fish per acre, a fish population that the loch could not possibly have supported in its native state.

At the end of the second year the fish had made growth in

ALEXANDER DILKE
tells the biggest
fish story—
How the Sea is
fertilized to increase
their size and number

two years equivalent to five to six years' growth in the open sea, there was no falling-off due to over-population, and, most remarkable of all, the fish continued to grow in winter, when, in normal conditions, growth stops because of insufficiency of food.

The experiment continues. The next stage will obviously be to "farm" a much larger loch connected with the open sea.

We should then expect large-scale experiments involving the fertilisation of in-shore waters, and perhaps eventually the large-scale fertilisation of the North Sea, with the prospect of bringing it back to its former rich state.

The experiments may develop alternatively or as well in the direction of setting up large fish farms in suitably enclosed waters.

Obviously, the corollary of providing "rich pastures" for the fish to feed upon, must be giving young fish a better chance to survive the early stages of growth, when there is appalling mortality.

It is estimated that for two adult turbot to survive there must be some five or six million eggs. "Incubating" and transplanting fish is not new. It has long been done for trout streams, and is the basis of our oyster fisheries.

Continental carp ponds, in which fish were bred and fattened, gave a far higher yield of food per acre than even the best cultivated farms.

If the experiments are followed up and we begin systematically to farm the sea, we shall add millions of tons of first-class food a year to the world's food resources. The coasts of Britain, with their innumerable indentations, are particularly suitable for this type of "farming."

A step which may follow is the "fishing" of lochs used for rapid fattening of fish by methods no more strenuous or dangerous than those employed for driving cattle to market.



Responsibility sits lightly on Olsen and Johnson, the Hellzapoppin' pair.

up to them to save those riches while they are available. Thus you find many of Hollywood's most promising young folk owning road-houses, petrol stations, and other businesses always in demand.

REMEMBER William Haines, one of the first of the "clever" guys? Bill Haines, who caused many laughs in the early days of pictures, is now engaged by many present-day stars as an interior decorator. Many of Hollywood's finest homes have been developed by Bill, who, in return for his specialised services, receives a large income.

In those early film days, when fortunes were made and lost overnight, he saved a large part of his wealth. At the same time he studied interior decorating. Thus, when he retired, Haines was able to turn a hobby into a lucrative recreation.

Bearing in mind such people as Bill Haines, it is worth while remembering those who have not been so shrewd. Take, for instance, the late John Barrymore. The man who was once considered one of the finest of all Hamlets drank himself to death. Just before he died John was a buffoon. Hollywood tried hard to get him back to his old self, taking more trouble over him than any other man, but his memory failed him. Sometimes, in the middle of a very important scene, he would forget his lines. In the end they were chalked on a board out of camera range!

At the height of his career John Barrymore was earning £70,000 a year. And this, I would like to remind you, went on for some time. Yet when he died in 1942, Barrymore left only £2,500.

Jean Harlow, one of the first of the talkie "Glamour Girls," left only £8,200 when she passed on in 1937. Yet she was regularly receiving a salary of £700 a week; turned down an offer of £500 a week just before she died.

"GHOST CATCHERS" is a funny film, and although Universal seem to have "tamed" their pet zanies to some extent, Olsen and Johnson are still pretty barmy in this tale of a haunted house taken over by a Southern gentleman and his two talented daughters.

The title tells where they fit in, of course, but it does not tell that after Wilbur, the ghost, has been evicted there remains a gang of crooks whose fell work must be undone, and that again it is O. and J. to the rescue.

It is in the section where the actual "spirit" is in residence that the picture offers its more hilarious tomfoolery—for here are our heroes unquestioningly accepting the invisible Wilbur's zany acts, or gloating when a white flag waves itself to show that a jitterbug party has finally scotched their friendly enemy!

Nor is Wilbur lost to the picture, luckily, when the crook business begins, turning up in the nick of time to aid an escape from death most horrible.

For the most part, though, the crook angle is too conventional a twist to score undeniably, yet here again the stars' fertile craziness and a resourceful script ensure a generous quota of ready laughs.

THERE is no small hilarity to be found, for instance, in the rough-and-tumble involving gangsters, good guys and all, which is taken by police and public alike to be yet another irresponsible part of the Olsen and Johnson floor show. All is well in the end, naturally, for ghost Wilbur himself goes along to the police station to lodge a complaint!

The above-mentioned floor show allows for the interpolation of pleasant songs from Ella Mae Morse, Morton Downey, and Kirby Grant, who also plays narratively as suitor to Martha O'Driscoll—one of the charming daughters of Colonel Marshall, joyously portrayed by Walter Catlett. And it gives further scope for the providers of the general crazy feast, Olsen and Johnson themselves.

Gloria Jean, as the Colonel's other daughter, lends her delightful voice at other intervals throughout, while Leo Carrillo, Andy Devine and Lon Chaney put in able work in smaller roles.

DAD (AGE 72) IS STILL AT SEA L.Sto. W. B. Taylor

WHAT a lot of friends you have, L.Sto. W. B. Taylor, at the place near the station on Southdown-road, Gorleston.

Your ears must have burned, so many nice things were said about you, and your Wife, too.

The Services certainly keeps that place busy—and what a happy crowd! Mrs. Harris sends her kind regards—she proved very helpful and thought "Good Morning" a great idea. What do you think?

All are well at home—Ivy's Dad still in London on repairs, no idle moments for him.

Your Dad is still at sea—jolly good for seventy-two! Sisters Lily and Noey and Mother as bright as ever.

Your Wife, of course, is busy with the new home, which you have not seen. Your help is urgently needed in the garden.

No doubt nothing would suit you better than to come along and be helpful.

Nellie—she is in the picture with Ivy—says the cup of tea you missed the last time home, will always be ready. Quite a lot of friends would just love to see you walk in.

Your cable came on September 26th. That was somewhat quicker than the parcel, which took three months.

Ivy's final message—Do please try to get home for the second anniversary.



We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

WEALTH—beyond a miser's wildest dreams

WHILE we had been engaged in getting over our fright, and in examining the grisly wonders of the place, Gagool had been differently occupied. Somehow or other—for she was marvellously active when she chose—she had scrambled on to the great table, and made her way to where our departed friend Twala was placed, under the drip, to see, suggested Good, how he was "pickling," or for some dark purpose of her own. "Now, Gagool," said I, in a low voice—somehow one did not dare to speak above a whisper in that place—"lead us to the chamber."

The old creature promptly scrambled down off the table. "My lords are not afraid?" she said, leering up into my face.

QUIZ for today

1. Jud is a mass of coal, ancient British king, drink, state of legal equality, fish?
2. For what girls' names are the following "short"?—Teenie, Lottie, Tracie.
3. What great French novelist had a negro grandmother?
4. What is the farthest-north cathedral in Britain?
5. Who was king of England when the American colonies were lost?
6. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Anticipate, Antycyclone, Antidiluvian, Anticident, Antipodes.

Answers to Quiz in No. 499

1. Bottom of a valley.
2. School, gam, pod.
3. Bread and butter with cake (usually in form of crumbs).
4. A rocky promontory at Edinburgh.
5. (a) Wolfgang Amadeus, (b) Ignacy Jan.
6. Distracted, Privilege, Prejudice

INTELLIGENCE TEST—No. 23

1. Rearrange the following words to make a sentence, and then state if it is true or false: Strength play test people clubs golf to of the their.
2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Pounds, Ounces, Tons, Masses, Stones, Hundredweights.
3. If some blue birds which don't fly have short wings, all birds which do fly have long wings, and all wings are either short or long, is it possible that (a) some short-winged birds fly, (b) some long-winged birds do not fly, (c) all short-winged birds which don't fly are blue?
4. Edward found he could make a new cigarette out of nine ends. If he smoked ten cigarettes a day, how many ends would he need to make a day's supply?

(Answers in No. 501.)

Answers to Test No. 22.

1. Side.
2. Pen has to be dipped into ink; others haven't.
3. Room.
4. £2. This would require the grocer to pay a twopenny stamp on the receipt, but by reducing it to £1 19s. 11d. both he and his customer gain a penny.

"Lead on." "Good, my lords"; and she hobbled round to the back of the great Death. "Here is the chamber; let my lords light the lamp, and enter," and she placed the gourd full of oil upon the floor, and leaned herself against the side of the cave. I took out a match, of which we still had a few in a box, and lit the rush wick, and then looked for the doorway, but there was nothing before us but the solid rock. Gagool grinned. "The way is there, my lords. Ha! ha! ha!" "Do not jest with us," I said sternly.

"I jest not, my lords. See!" and she pointed at the rock.

As she did so, on holding up the lamp we perceived that a mass of stone was slowly rising from the floor and vanishing into the rock above. The mass was of the width of a good-sized door, about ten feet high, and not less than five feet thick. It must have weighed at least twenty or thirty tons. Very slowly and gently the great stone raised itself, till at last it had vanished altogether, and a dark hole presented itself to us in the place which it had filled.

Our excitement was so intense, as we saw the way to Solomon's treasure chamber at last thrown open, that I for one began to tremble and shake.

"Enter, white men from the stars," said Gagool, and she hobbled through the doorway, bearing the light with her.

A few yards down the passage, in the narrow way hewn out of the living rock, Gagool had paused, and was waiting for us.

"See, my lords," she said, holding the light before her, "those who stored the treasure here fled in haste, and bethought them to guard against any who should find the secret of the door, but had not the time," and she pointed to large square blocks of stone, which had, to the height of two courses (about two feet three), been placed across the passage with a view to walling it up. Along the side of the passage were similar blocks ready for use, and, most curious of all, a heap of mortar and a couple of trowels, which, so far as we had time to examine them, appeared to be of a similar shape and make to those used by workmen to this day.

Here Foulata, who had throughout been in a state of great fear and agitation, said that she felt faint and could go no farther, but would wait there. Accordingly we set her down on the unfinished wall, placing the basket of provisions by her side, and left her to recover.

Following the passage for about fifteen paces farther, we suddenly came to an elaborately painted wooden door. It was standing wide open. Whoever was last there had either not had the time, or had forgotten, to shut it.

Across the threshold lay a skin bag, formed of a goat-skin, that appeared to be full of pebbles.

Good stooped down and lifted it. It was heavy and jingled.

"By Jove! I believe it's full of diamonds," he said, in an awed whisper; and, indeed, the idea of a small goat-skin full of diamonds is enough to awe anybody.

"Go on," said Sir Henry impatiently. "Here, old lady, give me the lamp," and taking it from Gagool's hand, he stepped through the doorway and held it high above his head.

We pressed in after him, forgetful for the moment of the bag of diamonds, and found ourselves in Solomon's treasure chamber.

At first, all that the somewhat faint light given by the lamp

"Watcher doin'?" "Cook o' the mess, Buffer." "Get rid o' that mucky deck cloth." "It's the pastry for dinner, Buffer!"



revealed was a room hewn out of the living rock, and apparently not more than ten feet square. Next there came into sight, stored one on the other as high as the roof, a splendid collection of elephant-tusks. There, alone, was enough ivory before us to make a man wealthy for life. Perhaps, I thought, it was from this very store that Solomon drew his material for his "great throne of ivory," of which there was not the like made in any kingdom.

On the opposite side of the chamber were about a score of wooden boxes, something like Martini-Henry ammunition boxes, only rather larger, and painted red.

"There are the diamonds," cried I; "bring the light."

Sir Henry did so, holding it close to the top box, of which the lid, rendered rotten by time even in that dry place, appeared to have been smashed in, probably by Da Silvestra himself. Pushing my hand through the hole in the lid I drew it out full, not of diamonds, but of gold pieces, of a shape that none of us had seen before, and with what looked like Hebrew characters stamped upon them.

"Ah!" I said, replacing the coin, "we shan't go back empty-handed, anyhow. There must be a couple of thousand pieces in each box, and there are eighteen boxes. I suppose it was the money to pay the workmen and merchants."

"Let my lords look yonder where it is darkest, if they would find the stones," said Gagool, interpreting our looks. "There my lords will find a nook, and three stone chests in the nook, two sealed and one open."

JANE



KING SOLOMON'S MINES

By the courtesy of the executors of
RIDER HAGGARD

rested against the side of the as large as pigeon-eggs. Some of these biggest ones, however, we

"Look!" he repeated could see by holding them up to the light, were a little yellow, "off coloured," as they call it at Kimberley.

What we did not see, however, was the look of fearful malevolence that old Gagool favoured us with as she crept, crept like a snake, out of the treasure chamber and down the passage towards the massive door of solid rock.

(To be continued)

I fairly gasped as I dropped them.

"We are the richest men in the whole world," I said. "Monte Christo is a fool to us."

"We shall flood the market with diamonds," said Good.

"Got to get them there first," suggested Sir Henry.

"Hee! hee! hee!" went old Gagool behind us, as she flitted about like a vampire bat. "There are the bright stones that ye love, white man, as many as ye will; take them, run them through your fingers, eat of them, hee! hee! drink of them, ha! ha!"

"Open the other chests, white men," croaked Gagool, "there are surely more therein. Take your fill, white lords! Ha! ha! take your fill."

Thus adjured we set to work to pull up the stone lids on the other two, first—not without a feeling of sacrilege—breaking the seals that fastened them.

Hoorah! they were full too, full to the brim; at least, the second one was; no wretched Da Silvestra had been filling goat-skins out of that. As for the third chest, it was only about a fourth full, but the stones were all picked ones; none less than twenty carats, and some of them

WANGLING WORDS—439

1. Insert seven consonants in * * A * I * * * A * and get a European city famous during the present war.

2. In the following old song title both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Said moce selsas dan.

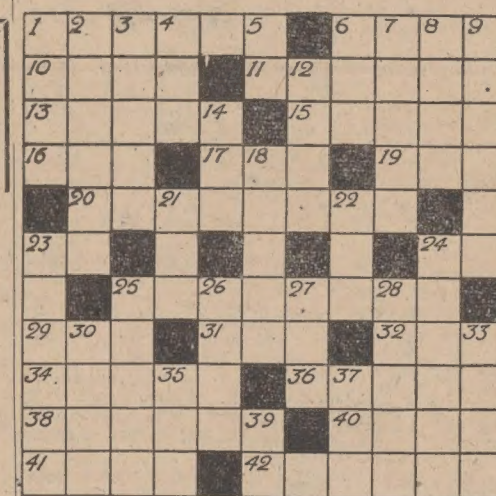
3. The same number stands for the same letter throughout in the following three metals. What are they? 6L7295972, 261583972, 265165838.

4. Find the two girls hidden in: He fell into a deep slumber that afternoon, and when he began to murmur I elbowed him in the ribs.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 438

1. PANAMA.
2. A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.
3. Wallace, Blackmore, Bowen, Wren.
4. Bert-ran-d, Ol-i-ver.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Hot.
- 6 Insect.
- 10 Wheel spindle.
- 21 Undoing device.
- 13 Bone.
- 15 Muddle.
- 16 Heating surface.
- 17 Obtained.
- 19 Newt.
- 20 Garments.
- 23 Pronoun.
- 24 Through.
- 25 Country division.
- 29 Health resort.
- 31 Sort of surgeon.
- 32 Destructive animal.
- 38 Make certain.
- 40 Scottish isle.
- 41 Profound.
- 42 Play tricks.

JIFFY BABES
ALLIES NEXT
DEALT TIGER
EXIT PALATE
D RECUR NEW
F RIPEN R
BI VISOR B
LAUREL TAME
UNCUT MINER
SCAN LOCKER
HETTY PESKY

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Meat dish.
- 2 Unmask.
- 3 Elsewhere plea.
- 4 Number.
- 5 Suffice.
- 6 Married.
- 7 S. American mountains.
- 8 Ego.
- 9 Attractive.
- 12 Head.
- 14 Urge.
- 18 Girl's name.
- 21 Negative word.
- 22 Wine cask.
- 23 Show disapproval.
- 24 Red wine.
- 25 Wait.
- 26 Past.
- 27 Pronoun.
- 28 Wry turn.
- 30 Piece of glass.
- 33 Salver.
- 35 Trophy.
- 37 Metal.
- 39 Printer's measure.

MIXED DOUBLES

Jumbles of pairs of things, words or people often phrased together, such as "Ducks" and "Drakes," "Bubble" and "Squeak," etc.

- 1 (a) A GIRL'S BIKE.
(b) SOLID WRAP.
- 2 (a) BATH TO MUSIC.
(b) TEN DIALS.
- 3 (a) PETS GOT TAILS.
(b) TONE MAY FALL.
- 4 (a) NOT CUT CIGARS.
(b) TIED BAD ARM.

(Answers in No. 501.)

Answers to Mixed Doubles in No. 499.

- 1 (a) FREE & LIBERATE.
(b) RETAIN & FORGO.
- 2 (a) GARISH & GAUDY.
(b) FADE & FLOURISH.
- 3 (a) RAISE & EXALT.
(b) ROUGH & GENTLE.
- 4 (a) ETHICS & MORALS.
(b) FRIEND & ENEMY.

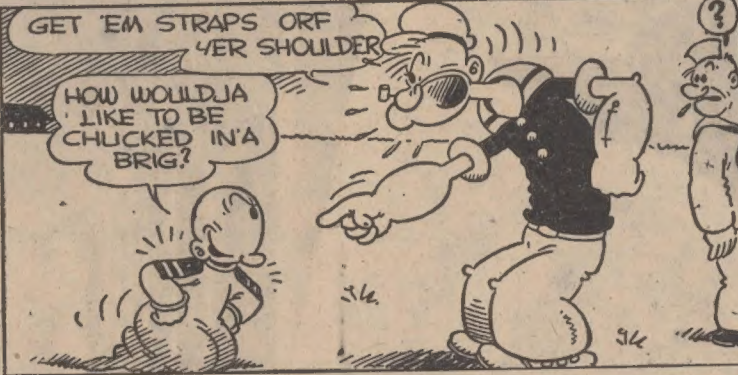
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



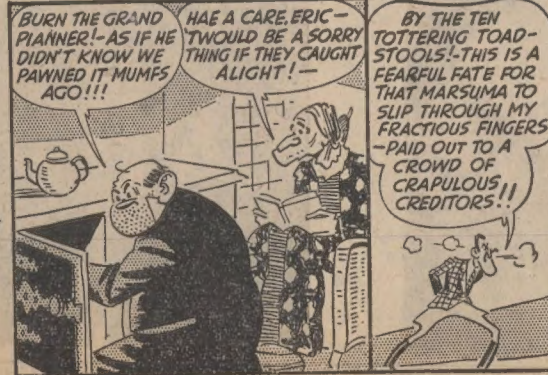
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Plumes, Ribbons Horse-hair . . . My Hat!

By DENNIS YATES

WOMEN are no longer hat-conscious, and the milliners are in consequence very alarmed. Indeed, they may well be, for in no part of her attire has woman been swayed so much by fancy and so little by utility.

Rumour has it that in order to popularise hats after the war milliners are busy designing weird and wonderful creations in the likeness of birds, animals, and a catholic choice of plant life. But, of course, it has all been done before.

Seldom in history has dignity figured so prominently as caprice among the designs of the milliners, but surely never was the former so subjugated at the expense of the latter as toward the end of the 18th century.

Fortunately, the absurdities did not escape the pens of the satirists, and we are able to join in the mild derision which the head-dresses occasioned.

Not only were they satirised on paper, however. On July 12th, 1776, Samuel Foote appeared at the Haymarket Theatre in the character of Lady Pentweaze, wearing an enormous feathered creation a yard wide.

The amusement which this hat caused in the audience, and particularly in the royal box, where King George and Queen Charlotte were present, was only equalled when the whole fabric of feathers, hair and wool fell off as the actor was leaving the stage.

The fashion books of the period show that the head-dresses—which were, of course, worn indoors—were more often remarkable for their height than their width, and that they were frequently so bedecked with gauze, ribbon, flowers and wire that the very weight, quite apart from the heat, must have been well-nigh insufferable.

Sometimes the various materials were built up tier after tier like the successive stages of a Burmese pagoda.

The Pump Rooms at Bath then constituted the most fashionable resort in the country, and thither the ladies made their way, complete with their mountainous millinery. It is from a satire in the "New Bath Guide" that I take these two stanzas:—

"A cap like a hat
(Which was once a cravat)
Part gracefully plaited and pin'd is,
Part stuck upon gauze,
Resembles macaws
And all the fine birds of the Indies.

"Yet Miss at the Rooms
Must beware of her plumes,
For if Vulcan her feather embraces,
Like poor Lady Laycock
She'd burn like a haystack,
And roast all the Loves and the Graces."

The second stanza refers to an actual incident, in which a particularly monstrous head-dress caught fire, with the most calamitous results.

Nor were the head-dresses absent from the London salons. In 1777 the "London Magazine" was writing:—

"Give Chloe a bushel of horse-hair and wool,
Of paste and pomatum a pound,
Ten yards of gay ribbon to deck her sweet
skull,
And gauze to encompass it round."

The magazines from which I have quoted, however, were politic enough to withhold the story of the unhappy occasion when the head-dresses of two distinguished ladies became entangled.

The matter was complicated by the fact that both ladies were on intimate terms with the same noble lord and on terms of the utmost hostility with each other.

So, inextricably had their creations become entangled that in the end both had to remove them, an operation which revealed in the first lady a tendency towards greyness which at once gave the lie to the age she confessed, and in the second lady an utter absence of any hair at all!

Alex Cracks

Junior Partner (to pretty typist): "Are you doing anything on Sunday evening, Miss Jones?"
Typist (hopefully): "No, nothing at all."
Junior Partner: "Then try to be at the office earlier on Monday morning."

Most modern girls would rather mend a fellow's ways than his socks.

In these modern days, when a girl gets up she undresses for the day.

Boy (buying modest Christmas present at village draper's): "Please, I want a collar for father."

Village Draper: "Like the one I'm wearing?"

Boy: "No, a clean one, please."

Jones (buying new overcoat): "I can't wear this, dear, it's three sizes too big!"

Wife: "Yes, you can! Remember, it's got to go over the radiator of the car in cold weather. That's what we have to consider first."

Good Morning

Anne Shirley, RKO Radio star, is in "Music in Manhattan." The frou-frou of her rustling skirt would be music indeed to these old ears!



"Well, if that's their idea of a dinner, it certainly isn't mine! One biscuit! ONE! And me with my strength to keep up. What's the idea of the spoon, anyway? Aw, they're nuts in this place!"



The very thing for Harry Roy to practise on! "Come on, Harry, my lad, let's see how you really do 'Hold that Tiger.' We've heard a lot about it — now let's see something."



This England

No, it's not the vaulted arch of a cathedral, but it's a sight to gladden the eyes of every Geordie far from home. It's the High Level Bridge between Gateshead and Newcastle.

"C'mon, old fellow, there's nothing left on that bone. In other words: 'You've had it!'"



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Leave the old fool alone, he's happy."

